

# L. S. AYRES & CO

Indiana's Greatest Distributors of Dry Goods.



## The Best Gloves

Particular people find supreme satisfaction in the Ayres glove assortments. There's merit in every offering—there's value and there's elegance. Perhaps the best feature of our glove selling is that we never ask you to experiment. Our gloves are known. Reynier, Dent, Perrin, Trefousse, Foster and Fownes need no introduction to a glove-wearing public.

**Reynier Suedes**  
—rigid sewn, are the latest accession to this fall showing. A rich, pretty red shade has been added to the popular grays and castors, and the quality is so uniform and excellent that we have no hesitation in pronouncing them the best one-class suedes of the season at the price.  
a pair.....\$1.50

**Mocha Gloves**  
Decidedly stylish for street wear, these. We have them in new gray and mode shades, fastened with one large pearl button, a pair.....\$1.25

**Party Lengths**  
You'll find few assortments the equal of this in either variety of tint or extent. All lengths, 8, 12, 16 and 20 buttons.  
a pair.....\$2.00

**Special Styles**  
From among gloves of peculiar elegance we've selected a Jovian Suede and a heavy Plique Street Glove and fine Dress Kid from Dent. Full assortment at.....\$2.00

**Men's Gloves**  
Fownes' and Dent's Gloves for men, we carry in all popular styles at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 a pair; also, a good Dress Kid at.....\$1.00

**Lansdowne, Plain or Embroidered.**  
It is a credit to American taste that so pretty a material is so popular. In plain colors it is a dainty dress material, accented plaited it is beautiful, and embroidered it is simply irresistible.

In plain colors we announce pink, light blue, yellow, cream, cardinal, gray, helio, tulle, castor, rose and brown, the yard.....\$1.25  
Lansdowne, embroidered with satin fleur de lis, favorite tints, the yard.....\$2.00

**Cloths.**  
**Venetians and Broadcloth.**  
There's only one way to know whose values are best; that's seeing. As for extent and variety, no showing could surpass this.

Venetians, both foreign and American-made, browns, blues, reds, grays and castor shades.....\$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.50 and \$4.50 a yard.  
French, German and American broadcloth, in half a hundred shades and all favorite dress weights.....\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$3.50 a yard.

**Curtains.**  
A Bargain in Every Item.

We'll not say how much greater their worth is than their price; but it is considerable. We want you to visit this drapery floor frequently, and we intend that you shall never be disappointed in finding something of decided beauty or economy to make the visit worth your while. But, to the bargain list for Monday:

48 pairs of ruffled curtains at.....\$60  
37 pairs of new colored curtains at.....\$1.68  
12 pairs of Irish point curtains at.....\$2.50 and.....\$9.50  
24 rope curtains at.....\$1.20  
New couch covers, fringed all around, \$1.25 and.....\$1.68

**Coats**  
For Winter Wear  
We haven't pushed the claims of this particularly handsome array of Women's Winter Coats. We've waited for Jack Frost. That ally of the natural gas meter and nipper of noses, however, is still detained in the far north. But our enthusiasm for these garments of outer wear won't wait. We want you to come see some of the smartest styles yet created. And just as a hint, when Jack Frost does come, there's going to be such an exodus of coats as will leave somebody disappointed. We know, because we've been through "backward" season's before. Better get posted now.

In cloth, anything from \$10 to \$150. In fur, from \$24.50 to \$500.

**Challies**  
With Satin Stripes  
It is hardly necessary to mention our printed Challies, 50c to 65c a yard. A showing that seldom falls below one hundred styles is its own advertisement.

These plain colors with satin stripes, however, are a recent addition.

The wide width, imported goods, all this season's favorite colors, the yard.....\$5.00

**Plaids**  
Of Silk and Wool.  
Nothing is, at once, so sensible, serviceable and appropriate for a child's dress as these German plaids of silk and wool.

Our present assortment is complete in two qualities, at \$1.25 and.....\$1.00

**Silks**  
\$1.50 Quality at 69c  
They are mostly Taffetas in fancy striped effects. In colorings almost any demand may be supplied; in designs all are neat and pretty, and, as to variety, almost four score different styles will be shown. On sale Monday, choice at 69c a yard

**Glaze Kids**  
These, the popular three-clasp dress gloves, we show in several well-known qualities. Probably the best known is the Dent, with a close second in the dainty Reynier. Any wanted size or color in either at.....\$1.50

Foster's Glaze Kids, with the newest form lace fastening (five hooks), a pair.....\$1.50

Trefousse, three clasp, Dress Kids, are of a fineness never excelled; the pair.....\$1.75

The Florence Gloves and Perrin's two-clasp Dress Kids (Perrin, by the way, received the gold medal at Paris Exposition) are here in all the new colors; a pair.....\$1.25

**Dollar Gloves**  
As a leader we have made for us a real French Kid Glove with two fasteners. Real Kid Gloves for less than \$1.25 or \$1.50 a pair are rare indeed, yet this style we have in all the new shades besides black and white, all at.....\$1.00

Foster's, William quality, Laco Kids.....\$1.00  
A good Plique Glove for street or driving, a pair.....\$1.00  
Trefousse Suedes, about one hundred pairs remaining, in copper, yellow and tan shades, \$1.50 grade; special.....\$1.00

**MAJESTIC RANGES**  
\$28 and up. The Best on Earth.

**Vonnegut Hardware Co**  
120 to 124 East Washington Street.

**ROOFING**  
Pitch and Felt, Trinidad Asphalt, Gravel Roofing, 2 and 3-ply ready roofing. State Agent for F. & B. Hubert Roofing.

**HENRY C. SMITHER**  
319 W. MARYLAND ST.  
Midway Senate Avenue and Missouri Street. Both Phones 687.

**PARROTS**  
Canaries and all other birds now in stock. Young yellow and red parrots beginning to talk. All other birds, including all kinds of birds and food at lowest prices. Write for catalogue and price list. C. F. KLEPPER, 41 and 42 Mass. Ave.

**STENCILS AND SEALS.**  
**GO. MAYER, SEALS & STENCILS.**  
CHICAGO, ILL. 15 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

## CHINA'S SACRED CITY

INCIDENTS OF THE OCCUPATION BY THE SOLDIERS OF THE ALLIES.

**Triumphal March of the Powers in the Forbidden City and Through the Palaces of China's Ruler.**

**THE QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE**

**EXPECTATIONS OF LOOT THAT WERE NOT FULLY REALIZED.**

**The Imperial Palaces Are Quaint Structures, and Filled with Curious Samples of Eastern Art.**

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

PEKING, Aug. 26.—It was all over two days back. The pavements of the Forbidden City have resounded for the first time to the tramp of foreign soldiers' feet. The pride of the court of China is humbled in the dust. The commoner yellow men of the empire will never hear of it, or, if they do, they will smile blandly and intimate that the yam is a foreign devil's lie.

There came near being trouble over this triumphal march of the powers at the outset. Naturally, the representatives of each nation wanted to lead the march. It looked for a while as if the United States troops would be awarded the honor. England and Germany were satisfied with this if they couldn't have the lead themselves. So it was about settled that Uncle Sam should have the post of honor. Just at this point France objected. The French were polite about it, but they insisted with many gestures that the American troops could not lead the line with the consent of France. The American officers took it good-naturedly and gave up the coveted post. Russia stepped in very quietly and intimated that she hadn't the least objection to the world to heading the allied army. Before any one quite realized it it was all settled in the Muscovite's favor. It was a Russian has. She is developing that manner strongly here. She takes the lead as if it belonged to her. Sometimes the officers of the American, Japanese and English contingents get a thoughtful streak and wonder if they are here merely on tolerance and are being permitted to fight the czar's battles.

In this instance there is no doubt that France was acting a part suggested secretly by Russia. The French troops haven't shown up very well in China. They are dirty, mostly incompetent and are not selling especially high in the pools for courage. If they are a fair sample of the army that will fight the tricolor's battles in the future, then they will need allies, and need them badly. It begins to look as if the French officials here realize this, and they are cheerfully playing the role of cat's-paw in the future chance that the bear's paw will smite in their favor. So far the French have done little in China outside of Russia's dirty work.

**GRIM HARMONY.**  
But the procession got off without a fight, or even any audible hard words. There was a sort of grim "harmony" that would have made an international cynic grin. A few of us were permitted to get up to the great Pure Gate. There were, of course, scores of civilians who wanted to go with the line, but with the exception of the members of the diplomatic corps and a few missionaries, they were firmly refused. Even correspondents who secured the coveted favor were obliged to go with the troops of the nations to which they belonged, and the respective commanders were held responsible for the scribes.

Early in the morning on Tuesday all was in readiness. Twenty-one guns boomed out. There came a burst of music, some cheers, and "forward" rang out in polyglot languages along the line. Up at the head of the line the troops of the Russian, Japanese and American contingents were lined up in the most of the spectacle. But many of the men in the line shuffled and shambled. Altogether, the Russian contingent did not march well. Despite the fineness of their uniforms they looked slouchy; many of them were grinning; others had the onlooker think of surly dogs. The Russian got past at last. Then came the natty, brave little Japs, marching with swift cadence on account of the shortness of their legs. A band of buglers led them. Every button was resplendent, every piece absolutely immaculate. They had been fighting fiercely for weeks and had had to put up with all kinds of hardships, but they looked like tailors' models. No, that is unjust—they looked like men, and a very splendid article at that. There is something about these Japs that makes a man who loves soldiers want to cheer. Their movements are like machinery. They never know fear, or, if they do, they are adept at concealing the fact. Even the humblest private soldier has the manner of a gentleman. Whenever saw a Japanese soldier, I did me good to see these superb little fellows taking part in a triumphal march. The only pity was that they had to tail such troops as the Russians.

Here comes the Englishmen. Their contingent is not imposing numerically, but the men who are in line are magnificent fellows. There is a sturdy swing to their march. The English are undoubtedly the best show marchers in the world. Their officers are stiff and severe as the line moves by; the men succeed in concealing the wonder that is in their minds whether there will be a half a chance to get when the halt is made in the Forbidden City.

**STORIES OF TREASURES.**  
Oh, the loot that is waiting ahead in the precincts of that sacred tradition! The Chinese have been telling the soldiers that in the Forbidden City the pillars of the buildings are of gold and the roofs of silver, and that these metals are studded with gems. Of course, the most stupid soldier knows better than to believe such rot; but the most stupid soldier also knows that the imperial palaces must contain treasures richer than all the loot that has been found from Taku to Peking.

And the Russians are already in the sacred precincts! If there is any looting to be done, perhaps the Russians are already getting the cream of it. Was that why the Russians plotted to lead? The English soldiers are proving their soldierly self-contentment as they approach the Great Pure Gate. And at last they are inside. There are three nations now in that city, where foreign troops have never before. The Chinese have always believed that, if such a profanation were attempted, heaven and hades would do all manner of things to the desecrators. Throughout Peking, at this moment, all the Chinese who know what is happening are quaking with dread over the awful thing that the foreign devils are doing.

Now, here's something to thrill the American spectator. Splendid old glory is flying in the breeze at the head of the Fourteenth Infantry, which has been fighting in the Orient for two years. Colonel Daggett rides at their head, just behind General Chaffee, who is solemn and soldierly, and anxiously watchful to nip any untoward happening. The Americans march well and look well, though there is nothing automatic in their movements, which are the least and least constrained of any troops that have yet gone by.

But here is the end of the American line. I've got to go with these men if I'm to go at all into the famous old city that has sheltered so many yellow Emperors. A quick rush and I'm under the Great Pure Gate and inside of the Forbidden City. Where's all this richness we had heard about? It is a curious old place, certainly, and full of wonderfully unique specimens of architecture. Yet the first impression is a trifle disappointing.

**CITY AND PALACE.**  
We are in a spacious courtyard. There are some signs of past magnificence, but just now everything smells of decay. There are more of these curious gates on the east and west sides. These are wide stone gates leading north to the Great Pink Gate. It looks like all the other gates we have seen and are to see, except for the color that gives it its name. Ages ago this gate was painted with red lacquer. The changing climates of ages have left their impress, and the red is changed to a dirty light red that resembles pink. Of course, the gate could have been repainted at spring cleaning time, but the Chinese do not like to improve upon the heritages of antiquity. The Chinese name for this famous old gate is Then-An-Mun, or "Gate of Heavenly Rest."

Once through this gate, we come upon another courtyard. There is a big barracks here, occupied by the imperial troops before they fled. We are getting along now. For we come to the Meridian Gate, the southern entrance to the real Forbidden City. This is only the second gate from the palace itself. In a tower over the gate is an immense gong. Ages ago this was used when subjects, desiring justice by the mandarins, struck the brazen affair to call their case to the Emperor's attention. During the last few centuries the gong has been used only to announce the coming of the Emperor.

Here we are at the palace—or call it what you will—where the Emperors were wont to receive triumphant generals—Chinese generals, of course—and here, too, gifts and decorations to native officials and foreign ambassadors were distributed. All these gates that we are passing through are miserable affairs from the standpoint of beauty, but they are built of red brick, a material that in China is reserved by law for imperial buildings. These gates are faced with marble in places, and each gate is surmounted by a pagoda. We are now in the sacred city itself. Across the courtyard runs a canal, crossed by five bridges of fine marble. Each bridge has magnificently carved balustrades. From each bridge runs a marble-paved avenue up to the great audience hall. Traditional law reserves the central avenue, which is broader and finer than the others, to be trod only by the Emperor's feet. But now the foreign devil soldiers are marching along this sacred path.

**A MULTITUDE OF GATES.**  
The interior of the Forbidden City is divided by transverse walls into three parts. First of all, we pass many buildings used for government and household purposes. But the line of invaders keeps on and no one is permitted to enter these buildings. Shriveled-up old yellow men stand and stare at the central avenue. They look as antique as China itself. There are fat, sleek eunuchs, who up to a few weeks ago had great weight in the affairs of China. They have lost their arrogance now, and are plainly afraid that we will start in on a career of murder. But they have been left behind, responsible for the buildings and treasures under their care, and are sticking to their posts.

Back of the audience hall is the gate leading to the palace. Surely there must be an experienced guide at the head of the line to lead us straight through all this bewildering mass of buildings. But here we are, rather, four of them, the real palace, the eastern and western palaces, and the Hall of the Gold Dragon. All four are handsome buildings from a Chinese standpoint. They are certainly wonderfully curious specimens of architecture, though in Europe it is customary to associate the idea of palaces with larger structures. The Emperor's palace, the real one, is the only one of the quartet that is empty. In the other three are huddled the frightened, abandoned wretches of the imperial household.

Al! We are going into the Emperor's palace, it seems. What a pity he is not at home to receive us. That would add to the spectacle. The troops are wheeling and in we march. We are inside, the march never pausing. Here is the audience room, or throne room, or room of heavenly something or other—whatever you please. The Chinese have a score or more of fanciful names for this place where the Emperors of China have been wont to appear before their subjects. It is a gorgeous room, a big one, into which we file. Owing to the lack of furniture it would look like a huge barn if it were not for the splendor of the woodwork and carvings. The floor is covered with cloth of the hue of Chinese vermilion. In the center is a vast mat of a fabric looking like rough velvet. It is worked all over with yellow dragons.

**THE THRONE OF CHINA.**  
And over here is the throne—the empty chair of poor, wretched little Hwang Su. It sits on a raised platform reached by stairs at the rear. This throne is the only place to sit down in the room, for, of course, no one ever sat in the presence of the Emperor.

Just here the officers have to keep their eyes open. There is a disposition on the part of many of the men to drop out of the ranks for an instant, dart swiftly at the throne and afterwards be able to say that they have sat on the throne of China. But the officers are vigilant and not a man gets out of line. So the most restless of the soldiers content themselves with spitting at the Emperor's empty chair as they pass by.

How swiftly this winging infantry step carries us out of the palace! Here we are in another court. We march north and go by the Palace of Earth's Repose. This is where the Empress lives when at home. Incidentally the ladies of the harem are quartered with her and under her supervision. Just beyond are the imperial gardens. It is here that emperor after emperor has dawdled away his leisure hours.

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## IN GALVESTON TO-DAY

THERE IS URGENT CALL FOR CONTRIBUTIONS OF ALL SORTS.

**The Chief Need Is Money and Much of It—Pathetic and Amazing Incidents in Relief Work.**

**VARIETIES OF RED CROSS WORK**

**WHAT IT IS TO BE MISTRESS OF THE ROBES IN DISPENSING RELIEF.**

**Articles Useful and Otherwise Which the Good People of the United States Are Sending.**

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

GALVESTON, Tex., Oct. 22.—An erroneous impression seems to be gaining in the North that Galveston's greatest need is over. During the last week several small donations have come to the Red Cross, accompanied by apologies from the donors for the lateness of the gift, and expressing a hope that opportunity for its use has not entirely gone by. The truth is that contributions were never so urgently needed as now, when the storm survivors are just beginning to realize their losses and to take up the business of life anew. So far donations have been mostly in old clothes, and it is high time that a halt was called in that mistaken form of charity. From every city, town and cross-roads hamlet in the United States clothes have poured in upon us by shiploads and trainloads. Most of the garments saved their best days long, long ago, many are entirely outworn, and some are so dirty that the distributors are loath to handle them with gloves at arm's length. Perhaps even these produce in the breasts of the givers that comfortable feeling of having "lent to the Lord," but remembering that the ladies and gentlemen for whom they are destined lately had homes and belongings as good as anybody's, the proffer in their affliction of clothes which a back-door tramp would disdain is insulting, to say the least. A few merchants have contributed new goods—mostly shop-worn and out of fashion, but still usable, and may heaven bless them, every one, for the charity they give, even if they sent a whole box of beautiful new shoes, all for the left foot (probably drummers' samples), as there really are a few one-legged folk in Galveston. The worst box I have yet seen opened came from New Jersey—it would be unkind to tell you the town. Fortunately it was not very large, containing a dozen or so pairs of workmen's trousers, plastered with mud, paint and grease, filthy and odoriferous flannel shirts, female undergarments, ragged and dirty woolen dresses fairly dripping with pieces from the ravages of moths. Of course, it would never do to offer these to anybody, nor even to contaminate better things by putting them in juxtaposition.

**A CRAFTY SCHEME.**  
What we do with such useless articles is a well-kept secret; but perhaps at this late hour I may whisper it in your ear. The natural impulse is to pitch such things out of the rear window and afterwards to make a bonfire of the whole business. But that would be bad policy, as false stories would be sure to get abroad concerning our "twisted waste of good material." So we adopt the same plan which that wise woman, Miss Barton, originated years ago and has practiced successfully on various fields, viz.: all worthless articles are carefully put into new barrels, which are rolled outside toward evening and apparently forgotten. And every morning the barrels are found empty—the very last dirty rag stolen, which the poorest plantation negro would refuse to accept as a gift!

The office which we facetiously term "Mistress of the Robes"—that is, chief of the clothes distributing department—is no sinecure. For a time it devolved upon the undersigned, until too much flesh and blood could no longer endure the strain and a fortunate collapse relieved her from its onerous duties. During that first fortnight Galveston's knowledge that I, a girl of human nature, noble and ignoble, would fill volumes. From early morning, till darkness rendered these turn-up, unlighted streets well night impassable, a crowd of poor humanity surged around the warehouse doors; and, as always, the strongest, if not the least deserving, pushed and elbowed their way to the front. To have given free entrance would have meant chaos and utter suspension of business; so windows and doors were barred, and able-bodied policemen on guard were instructed to admit only a given number at a time. From a convenient loophole inspection of the crowd was frequently made and, as far as possible, the aged and feeble and mothers with young children, were admitted first. Each member of the distributing committee took people in charge and fitted them out from top to toe, beginning with hose and ending with hat; and as nearly every one of the four represented a family of from three to a dozen, each also to be outfitted, the one round represented the clothing of at least twenty-four people. Then these, with their bundles big and little, were hustled out of the back door and a fresh relay let in at the front and the weary round again begun. Thus in a day's time, the workers in this strange department were able to wait on several hundred nonpaying customers, including the absentees, represented by their relatives. There are not many of us, and the men of the party were kept busy as bees, tearing open boxes and piling the contents in their respective places—shoes in one room, foodstuffs in another, undergarments here, infants' clothes there, ladies' dresses in another corner and so on through the gamut of conceivable commodities. Some weeks ago a change was made, when local committees, composed of ladies from the various churches, took hold of the work. Now the big Red Cross warehouse is like a wholesale emporium, whence boxes are sent out which are distributed in money, they are sent to a distributing station in charge of the ladies aforesaid.

**WARM GARMENTS NEEDED.**  
From every one of these stations comes the same complaint—that there is constant, imperative call for warm garments, woolen underwear, wraps, bed blankets and other articles necessary for the winter, now only a few weeks away. There is no means of satisfying the demand, for the good people of the North seem to be laboring under the idea that this is a torrid climate, and all the clothes they send are this and summary. The

truth is that this little island of the Mexican gulf does have some severe winter weather, accompanied by ice and snow, while "northerners" that chill the very marrow in one's bones are of frequent occurrence. In lieu of the million muslin shirtwaists we have received, and the equal number of scant calico wrappers with inch-wide hems at bottom, it would be much wiser to send flannel and other material suited to the season; and infinitely wiser yet to send money and allow the Galvestonians to buy garments to suit themselves of the local merchants. The latter have suffered enough, heaven knows, from the storm, without being utterly ruined afterwards through misguided charity. They have dried their drenched and deluged goods, cleaned out the mud and salt left by the sea from their places of business, and are making heroic efforts to avert utter failure. The insurance companies are making good no storm losses, and the merchants having destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of ruined goods, are offering those slightly damaged but still usable at greatly reduced prices. But naturally nobody will buy at any price so long as trainloads and shiploads of goods continue to arrive for free distribution, and mercantile failures are the order of the hour in Galveston. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the people that money is the one thing most imperatively needed for Texas relief—money by the millions of dollars; for clearing up the mountains of debris, rebuilding the houses, furnishing them when built, and purchasing tools, sewing machines, etc., for those who have lost everything, but could earn their own support if provided with the implements of their trade.

**OFFERS OF MARRIAGE.**  
Some of our experiences in the Rag Fair of the old-clothes department have been odd indeed. In many packages we find letters—sentimental epistles from ladies, presumably young, hidden in the pockets of coats and trousers, inviting correspondence with the recipients, and offers of matrimony pinned to the female garments. Love-letters are found stuffed into the toes of shoes, and the most earnest of all came to light in a box of soap and combs. The last mentioned is too characteristic to be deprived of publicity. The writer, a Pennsylvania, describes himself as a good-looking man of thirty years, of unexceptionable habits and generally prosperous circumstances, but owing to the death of his wife a year ago, and a long illness of some years, now temporarily "down on his luck." However, he is the proud owner of a home, whose furnishings cost exactly two thousand dollars, and he wants some young woman who has lost her parents in the flood to come on and take possession of the same, as wife number two. Owing to the sore eyes, etc., he cannot afford to pay her transportation from Galveston to the Pennsylvania village; but if the Red Cross will kindly select the young woman and purchase her ticket, the rest will be smooth sailing. He makes a special point of "some young woman who has lost her parents"—none other need apply. References are enclosed, and with the evident conviction that his applications would be numerous, the writer urges upon the Red Cross discretion in making the choice.

A Vermont widow writes in the same vein, and puts her leap year proposition into a box of hand-knit hose. She says she has a good farm, but is tired of the cold Northern winters, and will sell out and come South with her money, to marry some flood-sufferer whose wife was drowned. Occasionally we strike something pathetic, such as a bundle of baby's clothing, accompanied by a note saying that the dear little soul for whom they were intended was called up higher when only a few days old, and its sorrowing mother hoped that some happier mother might find use for the garments which love had provided.

**GIFTS INVOLVING SACRIFICE.**  
The inmates of the Dunning Poorhouse and Insane Asylum, near Chicago, raised \$84 among themselves toward Galveston's relief. Thirty of the poor old almshouse pensioners formed a relief society and gave up their only luxuries—tea and tobacco—to swell the fund. Truly, in Heaven's reckoning, these acts of self-denial on the part of the lowly and afflicted may count for as much as the \$30,000 raised by the great, rich city of Chicago.

Even the poor, forgotten negroes of the Carolina sea islands, to whose assistance the Red Cross went after their great flood, a few years ago, have raised among themselves \$168, an astonishing amount considering their abject poverty. Miss Barton considers that it would be the proper and graceful thing to turn this money over to a reliable committee of Texas colored people, to be used for the benefit of flood sufferers of that race alone. Some of the most extensive donations of clothing and other necessities have come from Johnstown, Pa. Immediately following the first appeal for help Johnstown began shipping things in surprising quantities to Galveston's aid. A sense of gratitude for help rendered to them in their similar but smaller disaster no doubt prompted the noble liberality of its citizens. The havoc wrought by the storm in Galveston was much larger in loss of life and property than at Johnstown, but the donations in money, clothing and other necessities were about equal for both the city and the mainland than was given at Johnstown.

An old lady living at Centralia, in the State of Washington, writes to Miss Barton that she is sixty-two years of age, has raised eight children of her own and one adopted child. These are all married and doing well, and now she wants to adopt four children from the flood sufferers' district. She says she has a good farm of six acres, with plenty to eat and comfortable clothing offers to give references and all that sort of thing, and as a guarantee of good faith sends \$20 to the Red Cross orphanage. She wants two boys and two girls, the later between two and six years of age, the former somewhat older.

Yesterday a little penciled note, in a child's immature handwriting, was found in a well-kept book of fairy tales, inclosed in a box of children's clothing. It said: "Aprilia Station, N. Y.—Dear Red Cross Children: I will send you one of my nice Christmas books, and we are so sorry for you. Mamma has told us all about the flood, and how so many of the poor people were drowned. Whoever gets this book may write a letter to Robert Tompkins."

**PATHETIC INCIDENTS.**  
Many pathetic things happen in the shoe department of the Red Cross warehouse. The other day a big, burly, middle-aged policeman came to get a pair of No. 9 brogans. In charge he was asked by him, "Did you want some shoes for his family. Dead silence for a moment—and then a flood of tears and sobs that shook the man's great frame was the only answer. 'They are gone, all gone,' he finally said, and then it came out that he was one of the three policemen whose entire families were swept away on the night of the storm, while they were attending to duty, helping to save other people's lives. This man is a torrid climate, and all the clothes they send are this and summary. The

(CONTINUED ON FOURTEENTH PAGE)

## RECRUITS FOR NAVY

HOW BOYS ARE TRAINED FOR UNITED STATES WAR VESSELS.

**Physical and Mental Requirements of Those Who Wish to Fight for Their Country on the Sea.**

**METHOD OF INSTRUCTION**

**WHERE APPRENTICES LEARN GUNNERY AND A SAILOR'S DUTIES.**

**Reward and Punishment—American System Regarded by Foreigners as the Best in the World.**

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—The most difficult problem the United States has encountered in the creation of its new navy has been the securing of an adequate and constant supply of seamen. Formerly seamen for men-of-war were drawn from our ocean merchant marine. This source, though not entirely dried up, is inadequate to the needs of our growing naval establishment. An attempt to solve the problem resulted in the establishment of a naval apprentice system. Under this system boys between the ages of fifteen and seventeen years are enlisted to serve till they are twenty-one. They must be of robust frame, intelligent, sound and healthy, free from physical defects or malformation and not subject to fits. They must be able to read and write, but where a lad shows general intelligence and is otherwise qualified he may be enlisted, notwithstanding that his reading and writing may be imperfect. No boy who has been convicted of crime or has the reputation of being a bad character will be enlisted. No boy is enlisted without the consent of his father, mother or guardian.

Boys must have the following heights and measurements to be enlisted as apprentices: Fifteen years of age, height not less than four feet eleven inches; weight not less than eighty pounds; chest measurement, breathing naturally, twenty-seven inches. Sixteen years, height not less than five feet one inch; weight, minimum, ninety pounds; chest measurement, natural, twenty-eight inches.

The maximum number of naval apprentices allowed by law is 2,500, but at this time there are only 949 boys being taught the intricacies of seamanship, owing to the lack of suitable quarters. There are two training stations—at Newport, R. I., and at San Francisco, Cal. New and improved barracks are being constructed, and when they are completed, as they will be this year, the number of embryo sailors will be increased as rapidly as enlistments can be made. Right here a weak point in the system may be pointed out. No traveling expenses are allowed, whether a would-be apprentice is accepted or rejected. Practically this bars from enlistment boys who live at any distance from the few points on the seaboard and fewer in the interior at which enlistments may be made. To remedy this fault the places of enlistment should be greatly increased, including points in the interior, and reasonable traveling expenses should be allowed. There is no good reason why lads in the interior States should be barred from becoming seamen, because their remoteness from the ocean prevents their enlisting as naval apprentices.

Naval apprentices are divided into three classes at different rates of pay—third class, \$3 per month; second class, \$5; first class, \$8. They can apply for a discharge at any time during the period of their enlistment with, of course, the consent of parent or guardian. Those who enlist in the East are sent to Newport, those in the West to San Francisco. After graduation they can re-enlist as first-class seamen at \$24 per month, when they will be in line for promotion as warrant officers, or return to civil life with all the advantages of their years of training.

Arrived at the training station the newly fledged apprentice is given preliminary instructions and kept for six weeks in the building provided for new recruits, which is provided with an ample playground. These juniors are under petty officers and are not allowed to mingle with the older apprentices. At the conclusion of this probationary period of six weeks the boys are supposed to know how to keep their persons and clothes clean, to lash their hammocks and to treat their superior officers with respect.

They are next sent on board the training ship. After two weeks there they return to camp or barracks ashore and thereafter alternate between the two. The training stations are situated on islands, the apprentices being thus more easily restrained and kept from the temptations of the mainland. The commandant of the station is a commander of the navy. He is assisted by a staff of six line officers, two surgeons, one paymaster, a chaplain, twelve warrant officers, and twenty-one petty officers as instructors. In addition to these officers there are 125 enlisted men in various ratings employed to look after the ships, launches and buildings. The whole system is under the direction of the Bureau of Navigation, which is a department of the navy.

**WHERE THEY ARE TRAINED.**  
The old ship of war Constellation and the ship Newport are employed for the instruction of the boys in seamanship and drills with sails and spars five times each week. The Vicksburg, a composite gunboat of 1,900 tons, is used for testing seamanship, handling sails under way and target practice. This vessel is armed with a battery of modern small guns. She goes to sea for this purpose three times a week. Besides these training ships there are employed one tug boat and a number of steam launches and pulling boats for instruction in rowing and sailing.

In addition to the Constellation and Newport there are employed as training schools afloat on the Atlantic coast, the ships Alliance with 174 boys, the Essex with 174, and the Monongahela with 240. On the Pacific coast, the old wooden man-of-war Adams carries a crew of 174 apprentices under instruction. As the navy grows it is expected that training stations will be established at some point on the South Atlantic coast, the Gulf of Mexico, the great lakes, and in Puget sound.